



D I S C O R D:

A

S A T I R E.



[Price One Shilling.]

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D I S C O R D:

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S A T I R E.

— Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum fene palles,
Aspice et hæc. —

PERS. Sat. I.

L O N D O N,

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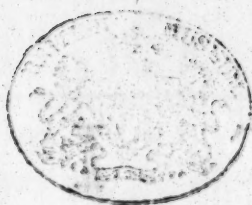
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MDCCLXXIII.

D I S C O R D

S A N T A R



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D I S C O R D:

A

S A T I R E.

CURST hour, when Discord by the Wrath of Jove
Hurl'd from Heav'n's courts was sent on Earth to rove,
Scatt'ring dire plagues! why was it not her doom
To pine deep-bury'd in Tartarean gloom,
Or with the rebel race fast-bound in chains
To groan and agonize in ceaseless pains?

VER. I.] Allusion to the Fiction in the Speech of AGAMEMNON, Il. xix.

As

As when some Spot, of FLORA the delight,
Lures swarms of Locusts in their sweepy flight,
Where roam the ravagers, strait disappear

The vary'd beauties of the vernal Year:

Such and so sudden was on earth the change
As Heav'n's portentous Exile took her range.

Farewell of amity the tender ties!

Brother met Brother with upbraiding eyes:

The cause of contest quick to find or feign,

Each heard the voice of Nature with disdain.

Ye Sages of old Times, when beasts and men

Found food and shelter in the wood and den;

Ye, who by warbled wisdom first imprest

With social sympathy the soft'ning breast;

By

By laws link'd tribe to tribe ; taught Towns to rise ;
 And form'd one whole from fine dependencies ;
 Why all your pains, your skill ? in vain the mound
 The foamy fury of swoln floods shall bound,
 If the vile reptile, baffling human toil,
 Eats its blind passage through the faithless foil.
 The saffron-mantled God of laughing eye
 United heart with heart in grateful tie ;
 Short is his triumph ; Discord shall destroy
 The pleasing promise of domestic joy.
 As She approaches, Beauty's brow is seen
 Ruffled with rage, or clouded with chagrin :
 The Husband's breast Love's fire no longer warms ;
 With look estrang'd he views an HELEN's charms ;

To fret her spleen perversely peevish tries,
 Or fullen fits, or tauntingly replies.
 How chang'd the scene, since HYMEN's happy pair
 Sooth'd with endearing solace every care;
 When slips of temper no reproof could move,
 And mutual frailties seem'd t'increase their love!

BUT other horrors are to man decreed:
 Nations at Discord's cruel call must bleed.
 Too soon the Tyrant, won by her, began
 Wildly to weave pow'r's desolating plan.
 Nor long the bloody business is delay'd;
 His murd'rous purpose madding myriads aid.
 Fierce as gaunt tigers, prowling for their prey,
 Thro' ravag'd realms they hew their purple way.

Tho'

Tho' cities sink before war's wasteful flame ;
 Tho' usurpation is their Leader's aim ;
 Some bright pretence shall gild this thirst of blood,
 The pride of conquest, or the general good.
 Thou, Britain, too hast seen from age to age
 Thy sons the victims of this Fury's rage.
 Oft to their councils has she sent Debate,
 And, her curst Comrades, Jealousy and Hate.
 Then moated Fortresses at her command
 Rear'd their presumptuous turrets in the land,
 With portals ever-open to afford
 Refuge to Ravisher and Rebel lord.
 How sigh'd sad CERES, as she saw from far
 The gleamy terrors of BELLONA's car !

Her favour'd fields, where she was wont to stray,
 To the Fiend's rapid ire she left a prey :
 Where flocks late fed, where busy Hamlets rose---
 But to remembrance why recall past woes ?
 Ev'n now when pow'r a smile paternal wears,
 New ills dire Discord for thy sons prepares.
 HOLLIS, whom Kings and Courts beheld with awe,
 Friend to Prerogative at once and Law,
 In life's last moments with a prophet's rage
 Denounc'd the miseries of a future age.
 " Whence for my country these foreboding fears,
 Now when Death's mandate trembles in my ears ?
 Once, nobly panting for the public good,
 Misguided greatness ardent I withstood.

What

What terrors seiz'd the Plund'ers of the land,
 When, rous'd by Freedom, rose the patriot band ;
 Chiefs, such as Sparta proudly call'd her own,
 Or, Rome, exulting Rome ! to thee were known,
 Ere, thy aspiring spirit to subdue,
 Voluptuous Asia sent her Siren crew !
 In Truth's best work can Sages, Heroes, fail ?
 Throw, throw, Oblivion ! o'er our shame thy veil.
 Yet, Despotism ! tho' victor, be not vain ;
 Tho' a deluded people clink thy chain,
 Dream not all virtue has their breast forfok :
 Soon shalt thou learn to drop thy lofty look ;
 Soon shalt thou shake with unaccustom'd fears,
 When, Guardian of man's rights, a Chief appears,

Form'd, greatly form'd, for others wrongs to feel;
 Hero at once and watchman of the weal:
 Tyrants his scorn, and Sycophants his hate,
 He comes, he conquers, but to save the State.
 Yes, Britain, yes; a King shalt thou behold,
 A patriot, girt with patriots, sage and bold,
 Men, such as once o'er breathless CÆSAR stood,
 And dipt their daggers in th' Ufurper's blood.
 Shall not thy sons these blessings long enjoy?
 What man has toil'd to gain, shall man destroy?
 Safe from the terrors of one Tyrant's sway
 Soon of another shall they fall the prey.
 To snatch them from pow'r's rod Heav'n sent a friend;
 But who thy sons from Discord shall defend?

What

What Sage? what Chief?--- I hear the fiend of Hell
 With shrilly shriek call Faction from her cell,
 Where sad and secret long she fate ; her mind
 Lab'ring with mighty mischiefs for mankind.
 Farewell that zeal, with equal ardour known
 To plead the people's rights and guard the throne ;
 That pride of principle, which soars above
 The frowns of princes, or the rabble's love !
 Where Faction points her fascinating eyes,
 Here all Court-minions, there all VOLEROS rise.
 Ev'n in that dome, within whose hallow'd walls
 To grand consult her Sons BRITANNIA calls,
 Reproach shall reign, rude rhetoric, low intrigue :
 With fots, with rakes, grave Senators shall league.

What

What would this bustle? is it to oppose
 Plots of domestic, wiles of foreign foes?
 No; while a Country's honour is the theme,
 Each does but aid some Patron's selfish scheme;
 Or, while he clamours for insulted laws,
 Abets a party's mercenary cause.
 I see, what time a youthful Monarch, known
 For mildest manners, shall adorn the throne,
 A Ribald make to patriotism pretence,
 From scorn, from beggary, his sole defence.
 Him with her choicest gifts shall Faction grace;
 Mask with impenetrable bronze his face;
 Give the shrewd shrug, the wily wary leer;
 The vaunting vein, that wins the vulgar ear;

A tongue, with more than vip'rous rage that flings
Venom at ministers, nor spares ev'n Kings.

Lur'd by his lies I see crowds frantic fly
Ev'n to the dizzy steep of anarchy.

Fools! can pure Freedom's flame illumine that breast,
Where vice, where Blasphemy, has been a guest?

Who mocks his Maker, violates all laws,

Shall he stand foremost in that sacred cause,

Which asks, in worth in wisdom who excel;

For which a DEVEREUX fought, an HAMBDEN fell;

That cause, which PYM, while Nature strength could

Toil'd with all CATO's firmness to defend? [lend,

Sooner the Wolf, gaunt tenant of the wood,

Shall guard the fold without a wish for blood,

Than

Than the lewd leader of the vile and vain
 On generous motives Freedom's cause maintain.
 Nor, when this Brave's seditious play is past,
 Of Faction's Delegates is this the last:
 Others, commission'd by the Fiend, shall rise,
 To cheat the credulous, alarm the wise,
 At pensioner and placeman rail and rave,
 And deem a faint, who serves his King, a knave.
 Perhaps some Zealot, public wrongs his theme,
 Shall madly dare to grasp the diadem.
 But why these horrors with faint breath pursue?
 I can no more---Death calls---vain World, adieu!"

THE END.

